

THIS PAPER  
CONTAINS  
20 Pages.

VOL. XXI.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, ETC.

# THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

FIRST PART.  
1 TO 8.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 29, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## BARGAINS

A FEW OF THE MANY TO BE HAD THIS WEEK

—OF—

J. M. HIGH & CO.

JANUARY PRICES.

*Figures Down to Bed Rock on every item in the house!*

This week all of our \$7, \$8, \$9.50 ladies' cloth tailor-made Jackets go at \$5.

At \$8 we will sell all of our \$10, \$12, \$13.50, \$15 and \$16.50 Jackets. We have too many and this price is made to sell them.

Modjeskas priced in stock at \$6, \$7, \$8 and \$10, go this week for \$3.90 each.

\$12.50, \$15 and \$20 Modjeskas are to be closed out at one nominal price, \$9.50 each.

Children's fine Cloaks must be sold at once, \$9.50, \$10.50, \$12.50 and \$15 garments to go at a song, \$7.50 each.

A black silk dress, the bargain of the year, may be had here this week. 6 pieces Lyons cashmere finished gros grain. Every yard warranted. Our \$1.35 number at \$1.05.

A special in 4 pieces black French faille, the most elegant and best wearing silk on the market, \$1.50 quality for this week at \$1.21.

6 pieces 46 in wool, silk finished black Henriettes to be sold as an "ad" to the department at 73c. Been going fast at \$1 yard.

Black all wool Drap D'Alma. We have 4 pieces which we offer this week at a price to attract any lady in need of a handsome black dress, 40 inches wide, finely finished, worth \$1 yard, to go at 71c.

We offer this week the very best value we have ever shown in all wool black 46 in French Henriette, our \$1.35 number cut now to 98c.

B. Priestley & Co.'s silk warp Henriettes. Of the many values we have of these celebrated goods, we select one special and offer our friends a most remarkable bargain, \$1.27 yard. These are our \$1.65 goods and grand value at that figure.

Our colored wool dress goods department offers as a leading attraction this week, 60 pieces side band suitings worth 40c, at 23c yard, 36 inches wide.

Invisible gray all wool plaids 36 in, wide worth 50c, at 35c yard.

All wool gray Scotch mixtures 36 in wide, 20 pieces left to be closed at 31c yard.

Special lot all wool serges and tricots, worth from 40c to 50c yard, to go this week at 32½c yard.

Silk finished, pin-checked dress goods in brown, blue and gray mixtures, 42 in wide, all wool, 49c yard, worth 75c.

60 pieces 46 in serge, the most popular dress fabric of the season, all wool, worth 85c, at 63c yard.

Broadcloths.—40 pieces of our famous \$1.25, ready sponged cloths, all the late fashionable shades, cut this week to 92c yard.

Our \$1.50 cloths the very best values ever offered in any market, go at \$1.21. Come early for choice, they won't last.

Gilbert's yard wide white flannel embroidered with silk twist, at 63c yard, worth 90c.

Ballard Vale white flannel, yard wide, all wool, worth 65c, to go at 49c.

Red twilled flannel extra quality and weight at 25c yard.

54-inch Gray Repellants, at 35c yard. Sell at 50c all over Atlanta.

School-boy Jeans, the best goods on the market, all wool filling, 25c yard.

200 Pants Patterns, must be sold at some price, \$2 to \$7.50 each.

Call and see them.

600 Remnants of Wool Dress Goods to be sold or given away before stock-taking. They must go. Come and see the prices. Many dress patterns among them.

Knitted Underwear at New York cost. Every piece straight through. Ladies' Vests and Pants at New York cost.

Gents' Shirts and Drawers at New York cost.

Children's and Misses' Vests and Pants at New York cost.

We have had too much hot weather, consequently too much Knit Underwear. Our loss will be your gain.

Every piece at New York cost.

Too many Blankets. If you want them, now is your opportunity.

It is a well known fact that we don't stand on price when we want to get rid of a thing.

Blankets that were \$3.50, now \$1.98. \$4 Blankets at \$2.10. \$5

Blankets at \$3.35. \$6 Blankets at \$4.10. \$10 Blankets at \$6.25.

Extraordinary values in Linens. One special will be 8 pieces of

62-inch Cream German Damask, worth 65c, to go at 40c.

22 by 46-inch Linen Huckabuck Fringed Towels, the very best value we show, for 25c.

6-8 Linen Napkins, book fold, Satin Damask, worth \$1.50 dozen, to go at \$1.25.

Gents' Balbriggan Sox, 23c goods, and good values, this week at 15c pair.

200 dozen pairs ladies' and children's guaranteed fast black stockings, at 23c. These goods are fully equal to any 40c goods on the market. Money refunded for any pair not fast black.

150,000 yards Torchon Laces, just here from Switzerland. Our own importation, special jobs, at 5c, 10c, 12½c, 15c and 25c.

Faunfleury Collars and Cuffs, Directoire and Empire Embroidery and Laces and Ruchings. The very latest novelties received almost daily.

123 ladies' and gents' Gloria Silk Umbrellas, Oxidized Handles, and well worth \$3, to go at \$1.50.

We have the most complete and comprehensive Shoe department in this city—a big store within itself.

And remember we offer nothing but good Shoes—the very best makes of the country—Shoes that fit and Shoes that wear. Our prices a little inside of anybody's.

**J. M. HIGH & CO.**

Importers and Retailers of Dry Goods.

## M. RICH & BROS., ARE NOW TAKING STOCK!

Now is your opportunity to secure unprecedented

**BARGAINS**  
IN

New Year Presents

The finest and most beautiful imported Bric-a-Brac, Plush cases, Brass Goods and Art Novelties of every description will be sold this week at

**HALF PRICE**  
to close out stock.

DRESS GOODS.

SILKS.

AND PLUSHES

AT COST.

**CLOAKS**  
AT YOUR

OWN PRICE!

These extraordinary reductions have been made because we are

Taking Stock!

Do not miss your chance. It will only last for a few days. Be sure to come before it is too late. We are closing out our magnificent stock of

**HOLIDAY GOODS!**

AT AND

Below Cost!

And therefore, can offer you bargains lower than they can be had in

**NEW YORK!**

For the same reason we are now

**Sweeping Reductions**

—IN—

**CARPETS!**

For four years in succession we have been compelled to enlarge our Carpet Department to meet the constantly increasing demands of our trade, and with the close of this year we are again under the necessity to

**RUGS**

By the Thousands

AT YOUR OWN PRICE.

Any reasonable offer will be accepted.

We have Rugs of all sorts and shapes, and in every style.

Now is Your Chance

To get Carpets, Draperies and Matting

MANUFACTURERS' COST.

We have a few of our handsome misfit Carpets left which we will sell for

**TWENTY DOLLARS!**

—WORTH—

**THIRTY - FIVE.**

—This is our—

**GRAND CLOSING OUTSALE**

Take time by the forelock, and do not miss the last chance of the year to secure elegant Carpets, Draperies, Rugs, etc., at less than wholesale prices.

**Come at Once!**

## M. RICH & BROS.,

54 AND 56 WHITEHALL.

14, 16 AND 18 EAST HUNTER STREETS.

MANTELS, GAS FIXTURES, ETC.

## Plain and Ornamental Gas Fixtures

In Brass, Ormolu, Silver, Bronze and Wrought Iron.

## \$10,000 WORTH OF GAS FIXTURES

In our show-room at prices that cannot be beaten. A full line of

## HARD WOOD MANTELS,

In Birch, Oak, Cherry, Ash, Walnut, Mahogany, Sycamore and Bird's Eye Maple. We carry an assortment of

## OVER 100 MANTELS IN STOCK!

200 sets of Tile Hearths and Facings for Mantels. All kinds of Plain and Fancy Grates, Brass Goods and Fire-Place Goods. Call and see our \$18 HARD WOOD MANTEL with Square Grate, Tile Hearth and Tile Facing complete. Write for prices.

Hunnicutt & Bellingrath.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

Dec 13 sun wed fri top col num

PASSENGER SCHEDULE

GEORGIA SOUTHERN AND FLORIDA RAILROAD

Sewanee River Route to Florida.

Taking Effect December 22d, 1889. Standard Time, 90th Meridian.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 1. 10 45 a.m. 11 15 p.m. 5 30 p.m. 6 10 a.m.

At Cordele 12 15 a.m. 1 66 a.m. 8 42 p.m. 9 45 p.m.

At Tifton 2 25 p.m. 3 15 a.m. 6 30 a.m. 7 15 p.m.

At Valdosta 3 15 p.m. 4 35 a.m. 7 15 p.m. 8 30 p.m.

At Jasper 5 28 p.m. 4 43 a.m. 8 15 p.m. 9 30 p.m.

At Lake City 6 45 p.m. 5 55 a.m. 8 30 p.m. 9 30 p.m.

At Jacksonville 9 20 p.m. 8 30 a.m. 10 30 p.m. 11 30 p.m.

GOING NORTH.

No. 2. 7 35 a.m. 4 10 p.m. 5 30 a.m. 6 30 p.m.

10 00 a.m. 7 00 p.m. 8 00 a.m. 9 00 p.m.

12 15 a.m. 9 00 p.m. 10 00 a.m. 11 00 p.m.

1 15 p.m. 10 00 p.m. 11 00 a.m. 12 00 p.m.

2 28 p.m. 1 25 a.m. 12 30 p.m. 1 30 a.m.

3 20 p.m. 2 20 a.m. 1 30 p.m. 2 30 a.m.

4 20 p.m. 3 20 a.m. 2 30 p.m. 3 30 a.m.

5 20 p.m. 4 20 a.m. 3 30 p.m. 4 30 a.m.

6 20 p.m. 5 20 a.m. 4 30 p.m. 5 30 a.m.

7 20 p.m. 6 20 a.m. 5 30 p.m. 6 30 a.m.

8 20 p.m. 7 20 a.m. 6 30 p.m. 7 30 a.m.

9 20 p.m. 8 20 a.m. 7 30 p.m. 8 30 a.m.

10 20 p.m. 9 20 a.m. 8 30 p.m. 9 30 a.m.

11 20 p.m. 10 20 a.m. 9 30 p.m. 10 30 a.m.

12 20 p.m. 1 20 a.m. 10 30 p.m. 11 30 a.m.

## THE OLDARNOLD PLACE

Glen Waters.

(Continued From Last Week.)  
On a narrow street that found its way through many a deviation and doubtful turn through the slums of Vicksburg, there stood, in 1850, a gambling hell known from Cairo to New Orleans as the Ragged Harbor.

It was a depraved haunt, as its uncouth name and disreputable appearance proclaimed, but its very abandon—proverb amongst river men—lured on a patronage that prospered it in vice.

Those were wild days.

Vicksburg was, in common parlance, a "safe place," and many an outlawed wanderer halted there in his westward journeying, seeking the guarantee of companionship and safety—to down embarrassing collections, perchance, in the shadowy good fellowship of the Ragged Harbor.

How many men met those red lights had bated on to debauchery and ruin—how many men had harbored their secret at that rickety corner, the guarantee of blood and murder—those statistics, if my recollection serves me right, were never published.

Men came and went, and others followed in the seething tide of western immigration. The Ragged Harbor, like a mill that was built for the tide, ground out its full toll in vice.

One night, when the red lights were flickering in the chill of winter wind and the muddy streets were all but deserted of human beings, two travelers stopped at the door of the Ragged Harbor.

The horses were fastened, and Ben Arnold, stopped in mid to read the sign over the door and listen to the hum of conversation inside, entered.

The old negro, shivering with cold, followed him.

Arnold made his way straitly to the bar counter, filled a glass with brandy and drank it. He sat in the act of filling it again when a stranger, evidently an officer on some river steamer, touched his arm.

"Don't do that," said the man crustily.

Arnold smothered an oath as he shook the stranger's hand from his glass and raised the glass to his lips again.

"Don't do that," said the merchant.

"You're the fourth man,"

The sentence was cut short by a blow that stretched him flat upon the floor, a kick that followed, and another, that rolled him under the table where the other two men were sitting.

Men stopped in the midst of their games for an instant, and turned to watch for the outcome.

The discomfited man staggered to his feet, hesitated a second, and started towards the door. A haughty look of disapproval followed him as he passed out the door and the players gave Arnold a second curious look and picked up their cards again.

The young man, his face flushed with drink and the excitement, filled his glass again and raised it to his lips.

The barkeeper was watching him closely.

Arnold hesitated, then said,

"I'm Arnold," said the barkeeper, and then stopped as Arnold put down his glass and turned off abruptly, leaving the second glass unattended.

Five minutes later the young man was seated with three others at one of the tables, his cards sorted in his hands. It was playing recklessly.

His hands trembled as he held the cards. The room seemed to be rocking around him. He blundered on. A misplay, and then another, and another, swept off his winnings.

He head swayed heavily as he played on. He played stupidly and lost rapidly.

"That fellow was right," he muttered.

"One glass was enough. That liquor was drugged."

"You haven't put up," said the man just across. The young man remembered afterwards that the other two men had dropped out of the game in some mysterious way, and that he was playing alone in a black, a red, a yellow, a dark, heavy, smoky room.

Arnold was half-sobered for a second. The last dollar was gone of the heap that had been on his table. He counted out the silver in his pocket and divided it into two heaps. One was lost, and then the other.

"My watch," said Arnold, as the man just across made motion to throw down his cards. "How much?" asked the man, hesitating.

"Anything."

The man examined the watch critically, and then counted a few dollars in silver.

The table was spinning around to Ben Arnold's vision, and the lights were twinkling and rocking around him.

He played wildly, and the watch was lost.

Arnold stopped for a moment, his head in his hands.

"Oh," as the idea occurred to him, "the horses."

He never stopped to count the money that was wasted against him, but played blindly and lost again.

"That's all," he said quietly. "Did we play for both?"

"Of course."

"That's all," he repeated stupidly. "That's all."

"The nigger," said his companion.

"That's my nigger," was the mechanical answer.

"Let's have one more."

Arnold stared blankly.

"It's five hundred against the nigger," said the man.

The young man looked up stupidly, half indignant. Then the proposition struck him as a very humorous idea, and then the fever swept over him again.

"Good," he cried. "We'll play for the nigger."

Arnold was standing near the stove, only a few feet away, and the young man called him.

"I'm playing for you, Anse," as he pointed to the roll of greenbacks on the other side of the table.

"Play," said the red-faced man.

"Play for Anse Arnold—now you play."

"Play," said the man in black.

"Play," said Arnold, loud, huskily.

"And that," said his companion.

Arnold's face paled as the truth flashed upon him. He hesitated a second, and threw down his two remaining cards.

"It's your nigger," he said, hoarsely.

Arnold staggered to the door, opened it, and then stepped into the darkness. The old negro started as if to follow him.

"Hold on," said the red-faced man. "You are my nigger now."

V.

In this chapter I cannot be, even in years, accurate as to dates. Perhaps some far-western authority could fill out these blanks, but in the absence of such an authority they must be left as they stand.

An old Indian mine in New Mexico, abandoned for centuries, unnoticed by Spanish conquerors and American adventurers, was staked off in the claim of a Texan named Arnold one autumn about '68 or '70.

It was not until the '80s that the years, and the work, began on it seriously. Gold was found in remarkable abundance, and its owner—Ben Arnold, of Tom Green county, Texas—became in a week the wealthiest mine owner in New Mexico.

Of Arnold himself little was known. His name did not appear on the tax rolls, and he was in his part of the state. He was still a young man, but generally known as a leader and ruler amongst men. His encounter with a noted desperado is a tradition, and will be for years to come, in western Texas. Arnold won his great a scar in his face as a memento of the fight. He was a man withal, of great business capacity and a rude executive ability. He was wealthy before the speculations in New Mexico that made him several times a millionaire.

One evening the stage stopped at Runnels with three passengers, all dressed up after dinner with four. The fourth man, for whom the messengers were men, was middle aged, well dressed, and abrupt in speech and movement. The general conversation that had been interrupted by the stage for dinner, was resumed. The new comer interested himself with his papers and maps, and took no interest for some time in the remarks of his companions. He looked up once or twice as he heard the name "Arnold" spoken.

The Mother's Remedy for All Diseases which children are afflicted is WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. 25 cents a bottle.

SEN T FREE

The man that had just spoken flushed uneasily, and stared as if the dead had arisen before his eyes.

"Bon Arnold," he gasped.

The middle-aged man put down his maps and papers carefully, and looked again at the face before him.

"It's the elder," he said.

"Quite right," said Mr. Brown. "Quite right, sir—delighted. Your friend, the elder, sir."

"And this Meggs," said Arnold.

"—to see you," bowed the merchant profusely. "Never did believe what they said."

"Two men made me confused than ever as Arnold staredinquently.

"Believe what?" he asked.

"The money," stammered the elder. "Never did believe it, sir."

"Believe what?" asked Arnold seriously.

"That you took it—never did," said the elder.

"Arnold's eyes flashed as he laid his hand heavily on the elder's shoulder.

"Took that money?"

"In the safe—never did, sir."

"Who said I took it?"

"Oh, I never—never did," said the elder hysterically. "Oh, I always said you didn't."

"Did anybody ever believe I took that money?" asked Arnold again, turning to Meggs.

The merchant, like his friend, the elder, had heard wonderful stories of Ben Arnold's wild life and truth to tell he was in a very uncomfortable state of mind just now.

"One night, when the red lights were flickering in the chill of winter wind and the muddy streets were all but deserted of human beings, two travelers stopped at the door of the Ragged Harbor."

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"What are you now?"

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&lt;p

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LAST SPEECHES  
DELIVERED BY THE LATE HENRY W. GRADY.

Oration at the Boston Banquet.—The Speech Delivered on the Return Trip From Plymouth Rock.

Mr. Grady's numerous engagements and ill-health, made it impossible for him to repeat his celebrated Boston address, printed in our columns two weeks ago. So many requests have been made for a complete and accurate report of the speech that the full text as delivered is now given, with the speech delivered by Mr. Grady before the State club.

BEFORE THE MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION.

In his speech at the annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' association, Mr. Grady said:

Frederick Lane: Gentlemen, you have dis-

closed that we stand, all of us, on one plat-  
form. We are republicans or all democratic,  
whether you please. [Applause.]

Speech of the Merchants' association makes

a good apology for presenting to you now the col-  
lective problem, so called. It is the one question  
of the time.

Message, &amp;c., to us in the Forum, the

mouth of December, and in taking off the

copy of the Andover Review,

which comes again in the month of Decem-  
ber, another one of our respectable magazines.

We have deputized our friends in general

to speak for us. They will do it.

We are republicans or all democratic,

whether you please. [Applause.]

The great fact remains that the south

is poor, because he was ignorant,

and as he became educated, the traffic, nor

the institutions, are improved.

We are republicans or all democratic,

whether you please. [Applause.]

The great country is so great that one part

of our body politic cannot suffer and all the

rest not suffer with it. [Applause.]

We are here to have the whole truth. We present to you, gentlemen, the spokesman of the south on this subject, Henry W. Grady, of Atlanta, Ga. [Warm applause and cheers.]

Mr. President: Bid me by your invitation to discuss of the race problem, forbidden by custom or by polite social speech, to propose in trying to rescue orders of propriety of the little maid, who hopped to learn to swim, was yet ad-  
vised, "Now, go my darling, hang your clothes on a hickory limb, and don't go near the water."

The stoutest apostle of the church, they say,

is the missionary, and the missionary,

wherever he unfurls his flag, will never find

himself in deeper need of union and address

than when he meets the standard

of a southern democrat in Boston banqueting hall, and discussing the problem of the race in the home of Phillips and of Sumner.

But, Mr. President, I am a purpose to

speak in defense of the negro, if you will

allow me to do so.

I am understanding of the vast importance; if

for a consecrating sense of what disas-

ter may follow further misunderstanding and estrangement of these may be counted to steady

undisciplined speech and to strengthen an un-  
friendly arm—then, sir, I find the courage to pro-

ceed.

Happy am I that this mission has brought

my feet at last to press New England's histori-

cal soil, and my eyes to the knowledge of her beauty and birth. Within touch of

Plymouth Rock, I stand on the spot where Webster thundered and Longfellow sang. Every thought and Channing preached—here in the cradle of American letters, and almost of American liberty, I hasten to make the observation that every American over New England when first she stood in concert with her mighty presence. Strange apparition! The sun and unique figure—carved from the ocean and the wilderness—its majesty kindling and growing amid the stormy waves. Until at last the gloom was broken, a long while disclosed in the sunshine, and the heroic workmen rested at its base—while started kings and emperors gazed and marveled that from the touch of this handful, cast on a bleak and unshaded shore, should have come the emboldened group of men who have since professed model of human liberty! God bless the memory of those immortal workers—and prosper the inspiration of their handiwork.

Two years ago, I saw the words in words in New York through the attention of a man.

As I stand here to reiterate, as I have

done everywhere, every word I then uttered—

to declare that the sentiment I then avowed

was universally approved in the south—I

realize the confidence which by the

speech is largely responsible for my success

tonight. I should dishonor myself if I

betrayed that confidence by uttering one insincere word, or by withholding one essential

of the truth. Apropos of this last, let me add, Mr. President, I believe the

praise of New England has died.

My lips, I believe, the best product

of her present life is the procession of 17,000

Vermont democrats that for twenty-two years

have been electing their men of com-

mon sense and common honesty—wisely mod-

ifying an environment they cannot wholly

disregard—guiding and controlling as best they

can the vicious and irresponsible of either

competing era with tact and re-

tiring in their efforts all the time that wrong means

mean, admit this, and we may reach an under-

standing tonight.

The president of the United States in his

last message to Congress, discussing the plea-

sure that should be left to solve this prob-

lem, asks: "Are they at work upon it?" What

solution do they offer? When will the black

men cast their democratic ballots and go

home to pray for their unrepresentative

neighbors, and awake to read the record of

God's republican majority. May the God of

the helpless and the heroic help them—and

may they have the strength to stand by them.

Far to the south, Mr. President, separated

from this section by a line—once defined in ir-

repressible difference, once traced in fratricidal

war, and now, God, but a vanishing

shadow, lies the rich, bold, cotton-bottomed

earth. It is the home of brave and hos-

pitable people. There, is centered all that can

please or prosper humankind. A perfect cli-

mate above a fertile soil, yields to the husband-

man, by night the comforts of the temperate zone,

there, and by day the wheel looks the same in

its bearded sheaf. In the same field the clo-

verless fragrance of the wind, and the to-

matoe catches the stored aroma of the rams.

There are mountains with exhaustless

forests, streams, much water, and many

rivers that, tumbling or loitering, run wester-

nly to the sea. Of the three essential items of all

industries—cotton, iron and wool—that region

has a monopoly. In cotton, a fixed monomy-

nous production—in timber—the re-

newal supply of the report, on this, the most

natural and permanent advantage, against which

artificial conditions cannot much longer pre-

vail. This has grown an amazing system

of industries. Not maintained by hu-

man care, of tarin or capital, alar off

from the failure of the seaboard, but resting in

Divine Providence, within touch of

field ad mine and forest—not set amid costly

desires, with competition has driven the

whole, despair, but amid cheap and sunny

lands, with agriculture, to which neither

nor soil is equal. To which this system of

industries is mounting to a splendor that shall

blaze and illumine the world.

That, sir, is the picture and the promise of

the future, better and fairer than I have

told you, and yet, in setting, in its material

excellence, to the lowest grade, quality of

citizenship. Against that, sir, we have

New England, recruiting the republic from its

low lands, shaking from its overgrowth

new swarms of workers and touching

this land with its energy and its

courage. And yet, while in the

East, I have told you, but 15 per cent

of land and cultivated, its mines scarcely touched and its population so scant that were it set equidistant from the sound of human voice could not be heard from Virginia to Texas—while on the threshold of nearly every house in New England stands a son, weeping, with troubled eyes, some new land in view to cover his latest panniness, the strange fact remains that in 1889, south had fewer northern born citizens than he had in 1870—fewer in '70 than in '90. Why is this? Why is it, sir, though the sectional line is now out a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer in the north have crossed it over to the south than when it was crimson with the best blood of the republic, or even when the slave-holder stood guard over it in his way?

There can be but one answer. It is the very practice we are in the habit of making that key that opens that problem, which unlock to the world the fairest half of this republic, and free the halting feet of thousands whose eyes are dimmed with its beauty. Better that than it will be to put a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer in the north have crossed it over to the south than when it was crimson with the best blood of the republic, or even when the slave-holder stood guard over it in his way?

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cheerful object to me unless I could select the subject. I think I could, perhaps, without going a hundred miles from here, find the material for a good or touching funeral. Haughton. Still, this funeral was peculiarly bad. It was a poor "one gallus" fellow, whose breeches struck him under the armpits and hit him at the other end about the knee—he didn't believe in decollete clothes. They buried him in the midst of a marble quarry—they cut through solid rock to make his grave, and yet a little tombstone they put above him was from Vermont. They buried him in the heart of a pine forest, and yet the pine coffin was imported from Cincinnati. They buried him within touch of an iron mine, and yet the pine coffin and the iron were shipped that day his grave was imported from Pittsburgh. They buried him by the side of the best sheep-grazing country on the earth, and yet the wool in the coffin bands and the coffin bands themselves were brought from the north. The south didn't furnish the coffin or the iron in the ground, the corpse and the earth, and the laughter! There they put him away and the clods rattled down on his coffin, and they buried him in a New York coat and a Boston pair of shoes and a pair of breeches from Chicago and a New Orleans shirt, leaving the body nothing to carry into the next world with him to remind him of the country in which he lived, and for which he fought for four years but the chill of blood in his veins and the marrow in his bones.

Now we have improved on that. We have got the cigar-cutting establishment north within a hundred yards of that grave. We have got a half dozen wooden mills right around it, and iron mines, and iron furnaces, and iron factories. We are coming to meet you. We are going to take a noble revenge, as my friend, Mr. Carnegie, said last night, invading every last town, yearning with us, as you invaded ours twenty-nine years ago.

A voice—I want to know if the tariff built up these industries down there?

Mr. Grady—The tariff? Well, to be perfectly frank with you, I think it helped but you don't know down there what we do—decapitate (applause) straight through from the soles of our feet to the top of our heads, and Mr. Cleveland will not have if he runs again, which I am inclined to think he ought to do (great applause), a stronger following.

Now, I want to say one word about the reception of the colored people. Their hearty revelation of hospitality and kindness and brotherhood from the whole people of this city to myself and my friends. It has touched us beyond measure.

I was struck with one thing last night. Every speaker that rose expressed his confidence in the future of this republic of this republic. There may be men, and there are, who insist on getting up fraternal strife, and who infamously fan the embers of war that they may raise them again into a blaze. But just as certain as there is a God in the heavens, when those noisy insects of the hour have perished in the heat that gave them life, I know that this republic will stand. The great clock of this republic will strike the slow-moving, the tranquil hours and the watchman from the street will cry: "All is well with the republic; all is well." [Great applause.]

We bring to you from hearts that yearn for your confidence and for your love the message of fellowship from the colored people of this republic. They are men, and there are, who insist on getting up fraternal strife, and who infamously fan the embers of war that they may raise them again into a blaze. But just as certain as there is a God in the heavens, when those noisy insects of the hour have perished in the heat that gave them life, I know that this republic will stand. The great clock of this republic will strike the slow-moving, the tranquil hours and the watchman from the street will cry: "All is well with the republic; all is well." [Great applause.]

There was a quick movement of the diva's hands, and an instant later a red cascade came tumbling down her back, making her look like a school girl and undressing in a moment the edifice her maid had so carefully constructed during the toilette hour.

"And it is not dry," she said, running one of her fingers over her jewelled fingers, "it's blood. You can't dye black hair red, but you can bleach it."

"How?"

"That is a secret of the toilet. But I will tell you, if any of your pretty brunettes desire truly and bona fide to reform and become blonde I will send them the recipe, but I won't publish it."

"You know, madame, there is a certain admirable but very vigorous character usually associated with red hair in the public mind."

"I know that this case now with the eyebrows blacked. You will not wear a wig, with hair like this, why should I?"

"But was Juliet a blonde?"

"Of course she was not. How could she have been and she a Veronese? It is only the Parisian fad. They insist on a blonde Juliet, just as the stage insist on a blonde Marguerite, although Goethe's Marguerite is in human probability, a nonentity. Now, will not wear a wig, with hair like this, why should I?"

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Several splendid small farms four miles from the city.  
A \$7,500 rent paying plant, near new electric line,  
that must be sold. This is a bargain, come in and  
look at it.

A fine 5-room cottage near Walker street school,  
4½ stories, with kitchen, dining room, parlor, etc., on Highland  
avenue at a sacrifice for quick sale.

A splendid 8-room house with lot 60x100 to an  
alley on Jackson street. Electric and horse cars in  
front. Call and see it.

A fifteen acre tract on a high point inside the  
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A beautiful vacant lot on South Boulevard chap.  
A nice cottage with pretty lot on Broad street.

And hundreds of other places which I will be  
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## TALMAGE IN ATHENS

AN INTERVIEW WITH PREMIER  
TRICOUPI AND QUEEN OLGA.

## THE SIGHTS OF MODERN CORINTH

Preaching on Mars' Hill, Athens—Views of  
M. Tricoupi on Some American States-  
men—The Sweet Queen of Greece.

[Copyright, 1889, by Louis Klopch.]

ALEXANDRIA, November 25.—We have  
scarcely arrived at this historic city, when I  
perform as my first duty, the pleasant one of  
mailing my budget of news and notes made in  
Athens and written on the steamer to my  
way here.

We did some sight-seeing at Corinth, but  
not much. That noble natural fortress, the  
mighty Acrocorinthus which looms up grandly  
2,000 feet above the surrounding plain, well  
rewards the tourist who climbs its ascent. We  
saw ruins of the theater, some temples, and  
the race-track where runners contended for  
the corruptible crowns given to the victors in  
the struggle.

We arrived in Athens on November 20th.  
The next morning Dr. Talmage preached on  
Mars' hill to a gathering of Americans, Eng-  
lishmen and Greeks, reading as the lesson of  
the day, St. Paul's address to the Athenians of  
his time, as reported, Acts xvii. The day was  
not Sunday and preaching was not in order  
according to our pre-arranged programme, but  
the earnest divine was so carried away by the  
enthusiasm of the occasion that he took out his  
Bible and began to read. As he read he made  
intermissions to speak, and then resume his  
reading. When he first began to read there  
were but few persons present, but as soon as  
he was fairly started they congregated fast and  
faster until a good-sized audience had assem-  
bled. Those who

UNDERSTOOD ENGLISH LISTENED  
eagerly to the preacher's words, taking such  
places and attitudes as enabled them to catch  
every word he said. The congregation sang:  
"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," in which  
Dr. Talmage joined with enthusiasm. He  
then took his text from the lesson, on which  
he had commented, and began to preach. It was fortunate  
that the weather was very fair, and his eloquent sermon was listened to in comfort. I  
think I have never heard him speak with  
such impressiveness as that he did on this occasion.

In Athens Dr. Talmage attended

A HIGHLY INTERESTING LECTURE

delivered by Professor Stanhope Orris, late  
professor of Greek at Princeton college, and  
now director of the American School of Classi-  
cal studies at Athens. Topic: "The Soul and  
the Immortality of the Soul."

In the morning Dr. Talmage saw that the  
Brooklyn preacher had visited his brother, who, also  
had been delighted to see him.

It was in his mail that Dr. Talmage found

the suggestion of that stroke of enterprise  
which made the new tabernacle in Brook-  
lyn a point of interest to the wandering aca-  
demician as well as to the great multitude  
hungering for the sound doctrine to be there-  
dispensed. He opened his mall at  
breakfast time, and finding in it an excellent drawing of the tabernacle  
erected for him on Clinton avenue, he said: "What a grand  
thing it would be to have the connection for  
this magnificent looking church from Mars' hill." I shall write Mr. Tricoupi and tell him  
just what I want. Perhaps he will help me.

Suiting the action to the word, he sat down  
and wrote a letter to the prime minis-  
ter, who responded that he should have  
great pleasure in sending him a copy of the  
quest made.

Nothing could have been more satisfactory. Highly gratified at  
his success, Dr. Talmage immediately made ar-  
rangements to have the stone cut and shipped to  
Brooklyn, where it will arrive in good  
season for the time when the laying will  
be completed after his return from his trip.

When in Athens Dr. Talmage attended

The day following Dr. Talmage visited M.

Tricoupi, premier of Greece, an honor which  
he deserved in this way: The sister of the states-  
man, who, like himself, is unmarried, presides at  
his home.

She entertained Mrs. Talmage

in the morning, and she informed her that the  
Brooklyn preacher had visited her brother, who, also  
had been delighted to see him.

The Greek premier is a man

whose appearance impresses one that he pos-  
sesses great mental powers. He is a strikingly  
handsome, commanding, and very  
well polished in his manner. His eloquence  
and fervor reverse him to an extraordinary  
degree, and recent events have increased the  
hold he has upon their confidence. I  
learn that his reputation is of the  
highest for purity in his official conduct.  
Mr. Tricoupi is well known to us  
in his dealing with the Greeks. This  
"modern Aristides" as he has been aptly  
called, speaks English with fluency and  
is accurately informed on American affairs, and  
highly creditable.

EULOGIZED SEVERAL OF OUR STATEMEN.

In his early days, while secretary of the  
Greek legation, at London, he made the ac-  
quaintance of Edward Everett, who was then  
American minister to England. He now asked

Dr. Talmage concerning Mr. Everett's son,

who, he had heard, filled creditably a profes-  
sorship at one of the leading colleges.

"Edward Everett's son is a credit to his name," he said.

I have ever known," said M. Tricoupi.

In the course of conversation the statesman manifested a  
particular interest in Mr. Blaine, whom he  
regarded as a very able man. He had no  
doubt, he said, that Mr. Harrison would  
accept him creditably. In fact, con-  
tinued he, "all your professors are  
strong men. You do not necessarily  
possess great men in the professorial  
chair, but once there they develop rapidly  
and invariably surpass in statesmanship the  
most sanguine expectations. That shows the  
stock and stuff Americans are made of. In  
contrast with this, the presidents of  
the most humble origin now endear to  
the hearts of the American people, and very  
feelingly referred to Abraham Lincoln, whom  
he considered to have been one of the greatest  
men in the century.

M. Tricoupi was of the opinion however,  
that in America the strongest men never re-  
ceive the highest honor, because the well-de-  
fined stand they take on leading and burning  
questions engenders definite and determined  
opposition. On bidding Dr. Talmage good-  
bye, M. Tricoupi assured him that he would  
cheerfully do all in his power to render his  
stay in Athens as attractive and agreeable as  
possible.

THE UNITED STATES MINISTER,

Mr. A. M. Snowdon, being absent at Bucharest  
and our stay in Athens but brief, it was

apparently not within the range of possibilities for

Dr. Talmage and party to be presented to

the queen. A week ago yesterday the

queen had attended the marriage of the  
Emperor Frederick III, just about to leave Athens.

It is the custom of the Greeks to

attend the marriage of the Emperor

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THIS PAPER  
CONTAINS  
20 Pages.

# THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

SECOND PART,  
9 TO 20.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 29, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

VOL. XXI.

DRY GOODS.

Keely Co.  
Leaders  
of  
Low Prices.



SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1889.

The Sunday prior to Thanksgiving Day we claimed equal privilege with the editor, and indulged in a bit of a salutatory. Today, we beg to share the rights of the letter-carrier and the newsman and give to friends a short New Year talk.

1889 will be canonized in our calendar as having a larger nimbus than its predecessor. The wildest thought would not have imagined the figures that last night showed the round-up of 1889. That's a satisfactory experience, but we are not satisfied. We intend to sell at least an extra twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of stuff and stuff of many sorts this coming January. It is sure to come when 30 cents will get what 50 cents usually buys.

This is just what we propose to do. Goods by the thousands of dollars that shall go from us to you without profits, equal sums that will make us losses, other equal sums that will make losses to the dealers and makers desiring to use us to reach you.

The Christmas candles have burned down, but the gay season is not over until the chimes are done ringing the old year out and the new year in. We fall in with the current notion and will keep gift things prominently displayed during the remaining days of Holiday week.

Our friends out of town busy with keeping Christmas, or others may sick at home, or quiet folks with tastes that keep them away from places where people do congregate, may still come, and, if they can, find attractions in the store, enjoy them and be more than welcome.

Is there some one whose Christmas present was forgotten, or do you prefer the New Year as your giving time? A great choice is here yet. The cyclone of trade has passed. Cyclone only in its immense volume and terrific movement. In all details, peace, order. You may shop at your ease and find this, perhaps by contrast, the most agreeable buying time of the year. Space is prodigally given to solid ranks of staple stocks and you can ponder over things that please without being pushed on by the human Christmas tide that surged through the store. Come while the brightness lingers for you.

Meantime we think with pleasure of the business the Holidays have brought us, but not with self-satisfied complacency. Out of these days of crushing crowds and tremendous sales we get suggestions for the future. You have done splendidly by us; we must do better by you—our responsibilities are great.

You, the public, are our teachers. We are striving to learn our lesson—we'll recite it next Holiday time. We don't expect to make a perfect recitation. Perhaps our ideal of perfection is beyond us.

But we are not pessimists. For the New Year we write "Progress" all over the store.

DRY GOODS.

Keely Company

Progress in Accuracy.  
Progress in Promptness.  
Progress in Merchandise.

Sometimes we almost think you don't know how good a store you've got. Well, if not, be quick or it will be better before you find it out.

1890. Living, active, pushing, we are ready for you.

Keely Co.  
REAL ESTATE.  
SAM'L W. GOODE. ALBERT L. BECK.  
Sam'l W. Goode & Co.

OFFER—  
For a Few Days Only

Five Bargains as Follows:

IN SUBURBAN,  
RESIDENCE and  
RENTING PROPERTIES.

\$200 per acre for 5½ acres on main public wagon road, within ¾ mile of the electric car line, in an excellent neighborhood and locality, where property is rapidly enhancing in value. It fronts almost 900 feet on the road, lies high, and is entirely covered with a heavy oak grove. Can be subdivided to great advantage and a handsome profit made on it in the spring. This price holds good for a few days only, as the owner needs the money now. Terms only one-third cash, balance 1 and 2 years, 8 per cent.

SAM'L W. GOODE & CO.

\$6,000 for the handsomest lot on West Peachtree. It is 87x200 feet, is on top of the hill, fronts east, and has Belgian blocks, water, gas, electric light and sewer in front of it, and the electric car line is ½ block distant, lies high and level, and has on it moderate improvements, renting for \$18 a month. The vacant ground is cheap at \$75 per front foot. Terms one-third cash, balance 6, 12, 18 and 24 months, 8 per cent interest.

SAM'L W. GOODE & CO.

\$2,500 for 106x160 feet on the Boulevard, ½ block from Edgewood avenue and electric car line. The Boulevard is now being paved, at expense of owner, and will be the handsomest street in the city. Water, gas, sewer and electric light already in front of the property. The lots are level and elevated; neighborhood first class. Terms \$500 cash, balance 1 and 2 years, 8 per cent.

SAM'L W. GOODE & CO.

\$5,250 will buy 41 large, high and shady lots on Pryor and other streets; very convenient to glass works and in less than five minutes of the dummy line. A rare chance for speculation in buying now and selling at auction in the spring. Very liberal terms.

SAM'L W. GOODE & CO.

\$3,200 for new 5-room cottage on corner lot, on Crew street; two car lines within a block; no better neighborhood in the city. Must be sold by January 1st. Owned by non-residents, who need the money. Come quick!

SAM'L W. GOODE & CO.

The Aldine Patent FIRE-PLACE!

You are cordially invited to call and investigate the merits of the celebrated

It is without question the best heating apparatus in existence.

AN OPEN FIRE; hence perfect ventilation. NO WASTE OF HEAT; hence economical.

Produces Warm Floors,

Something not accomplished by any other apparatus.

Come and see for yourself, or write for illustrated circular.

W. C. WARNER,  
No. 9 North Broad St.

Don't forget when you want—  
WOOD MANTELS.

I have them in stock, or can fill your order from special designs at very moderate prices.

Telephone 112.

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## SHOT TO DEATH.

TERrible TRAGEDY IN BARNWELL,  
SOUTH CAROLINA.

EIGHT MEN LYNCHED BY MASKERS

Reported Murders of White Men by Negroes,  
Dives the Former to Pay a Little  
Attention to the Latter.R. W. PATTERSON'S  
Memory of Mr. Grady.Memorial Meeting  
of Georgia's colored citizens  
in Atlanta, Georgia, December 28, 1889.Our ranks are full of grief  
and the trials of our race stand  
on the mantle of full bracing.Now Georgians, shall I tell you  
what that symptom is? It is  
the negro who is also mournful.The negro's tongue mirrors  
the tongue's speech when the  
other's face is dead.The negro's oratory has  
been silent since the school come in the  
future, and many of the  
men in my honorable positionLynch held high carnival in Barnwell,  
S. C., this morning just before daylight, and  
when the sun arose over the little town it  
was seen on eight bodies riddled with bullets by  
the roadside, just outside the town limits.

## THE LEADING CAUSES.

On October 30th Mr. John Heffernan, a  
popular young storekeeper in Barnwell, was  
killed by a negro named Ripley Johnson.The killing occurred in a negro saloon kept by  
another negro, Mitchell Adams. Heffernan  
called them to see Ripley Johnson, and called  
him to come outside. Johnson refused, and  
when young Heffernan started in to bring  
him out Johnson shot him. Mitchell Adams, proprietor of  
the saloon, shut the door and aided  
Ripley Johnson to escape. He was subse-  
quently caught near Grahams, S. C., and he  
and Mitchell Adams and two others were jailed.  
Unknown man, described as white, tall and slender, fair complexion, gray eyes, sandy mous-  
tache, dressed in dark brown plaid.It was a fearful wreck, and the damage to  
the railroad at this time cannot be even esti-  
mated. Luckily the car did not take fire, they  
were heated by steam. The engine did not leave the rails, but the tender was without any trucks. The rear sleeper had its front truck on the ground and remained on the  
rails.

POSTOFFICE EMPLOYEES PROSTRATED.

"A Grippe" seems to have found a number of victims among the employees of the post-  
office in this city. Today's absentees in the  
general office numbered sixty-five, and in many instances persons on the sick list were  
letter writers. This is about three times  
the number of employees.There has been a large and sudden in-  
crease in the number of deaths from bronchial  
and pulmonary diseases during the present  
week, and many physicians attribute this to the  
influence of the so-called Russian grippe.The number of deaths in this city during the  
week from pneumonia was 139 as against 87  
last week, 131 from phthisis against 97 last  
week and 50 from bronchitis against 40 last  
week. The total number of deaths this week  
was 762, last week, 665.

THE RAILROAD DISASTER.

The prisoners were launched into eternity  
before the lawmen even suspected that a person  
had come into town. It is not known from  
what section the lynches came, but they were  
certainly a quiet and determined set. They  
came near taking Sam Lee, the barber,  
but some one objected, and they carelessly  
locked the door and left him to God and his  
country. The names of the six Martin negroes  
were as follows:

Peter Bell, held for murder.

Hugh Furse, accessory to murder before the  
fact.

Harrison Johnson, accessory before the fact.

Robert Phoenix, held as a witness but sup-  
posed to be an accessory.Judge Jones, witness, and supposed access-  
ory.Rape Morrell, witness, and supposed access-  
ory. J. J. IVAMS.

THE Lynchers Reckoned.

CHARLESTON, S. C., December 28.—The  
News and Courier will say tomorrow by way of  
comment of the Barnwell lynchers:There was nothing brave or manly in the  
lynching of negroes, but there was something  
more than the mere killing of negroes, and that  
was the unmeasurably worse.

In the name of the South, men.

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## SUFFOCATED BY SMOKE

FIRE IN A LODGING HOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO

## ATTENDED WITH SOME LOSS OF LIFE

Heroic Work of Firemen in Trying to Rescue the Inmates of the Burning House—Some of the Incidents.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 28.—Three lives were lost and several persons seriously injured last night at a fire in the old St. Ignatius church building on Market street, opposite Baldwin's hotel. The first two stories of the building were occupied by the New York Furniture company, the Carpet Dove Printing company and a number of private offices.

On the third floor were a number of rooms. The fire, which is supposed to have started in the furniture store, spread very rapidly. Miss Copeland, an old lady, perished in her room. Mrs. Elizabeth Evans endeavored to rescue her, but was overcome by smoke and severely burned before she could be gotten out. After the flames were extinguished it was found that two persons, in addition to Miss Copeland, had perished. The body of Mrs. Crowell, a roomer, in the attic of the building, was found lying across the threshold of her room, where

SHE HAD BEEN SUFOCATED.

The body of a washwoman known as "Ida" was used to room with Mrs. Crowell. Both were found near death. Mrs. Crowell was buried beyond recognition. Fireman Logan and Policeman Williams went to the rescue of Mrs. Crowell and her son in the attic. Logan was overcome by the smoke and fell unconscious to the floor.

Officer Williams took young Crowell out and then ran after her, when he carried to a place of safety. He then went back for Mrs. Crowell, but was almost suffocated and was obliged to retreat to save himself. Jack McAlife, a fireman, was precipitated to the ground by the breaking of a ladder, and received fatal injuries. Another fireman was slightly injured by a falling wall. The pecuniary loss amounts to about \$40,000; covered by insurance.

## A CONVICT LOVER.

A Notorious Woman at Little Rock Receives a Severe Beating.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., December 28.—The notorious Pink Fagg, now serving out a three years' sentence in the penitentiary for killing "Major" Doran, the king of Arkansas gamblers, or Fort Smith some time ago, was on the warpath again Christmas night. Fagg for several months has been enjoying the privacies of the city and goes about committing his pleasure, notwithstanding his conviction. Last night he visited a leading house of ill fame, and there met his former mistress, Hattie Williams.

He accused her of not being true to him since his last visit. Sunday night, she admitted her guilt, whereupon he laid her low, and the fact knocking her senseless. Not satisfied with this punishment, he kicked her several times in the breast and abdomen leaving his victim more dead than alive. Officers Wambold and Wilson were detailed to arrest him, but when they arrived, Fagg had slipped away. He was found the morning of his dash in the office of the penitentiary working on the prison books, of which he is in charge. Being a convict, and inside the walls of the pen, they returned without him. The woman's condition is said to be quite serious. For the past two months his efforts have been made to get Governor Eagle to pardon Fagg, not that he is desirous of any sympathy, but on account of the notorious reputation of his victim, Doran. Governor Eagle wisely refused to grant the pardon on the grounds that Fagg had been convicted in Missouri for a similar crime.

"Pink" Fagg is a native of Springfield, Mo., the son of respectable parents. There was a large family of boys, most of whom were hard cases, all being professional gamblers. Pink was sentenced to the Missouri penitentiary twice, once for burglary and once for shooting a boy.

## CAME TO LIFE AGAIN,

After Being Put in a Casket and Shipped Over a Railroad.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., December 28.—A Sentinel from Springfield, Ohio, says: Captain Jacob Garrett, of Lagonia avenue engine house, received a telegram last Saturday announcing the sudden death of his father at Sandusky. The cause assigned for his demise was an epileptic fit. Mr. Garrett left at once for Columbus, where the funeral was to be held, and awaited the arrival of the remains. Arriving at the capital city, he and other relatives received the body, which had been shipped in the car of a relative. The casket was opened for a last look, when signs of life were perceived. Restoratives were brought and a physician summoned and in a short time the supposed dead was able to speak. He was transported to bed and now lies very weak and ill, but still the captain and his relatives are not without hope that he may yet be wrested from death's grip.

## The President in Richmond.

RICHMOND, Va., December 28.—President Harrison and party arrived here this evening a few minutes before 6 o'clock on Bateman's yacht. The party was received by Mayor Ellyson, Colonel Richard F. Bierney, the State; Colonel C. O. B. Cowardin, of the Dispatch; Colonel A. S. Buford, Major James H. Bufford, Messrs. J. T. Scott, John P. Branch and other prominent citizens. The party was entertained by the residence of John P. Branch, president of the Merchants' National bank, where they were entertained. The president left here tonight for Washington.

## Washouts on California Roads.

NEEDLES, Cal., December 28.—On account of washouts on our railroads west of here, the Atlantic and Pacific roads will be compelled to return all Los Angeles passengers to Albuquerque, whence they will be taken by the Santa Fe route to Deming, and thence to Los Angeles by the Southern Pacific. Washouts on the Mojave river will be repaired in two days. Therefore, passengers for San Francisco are held here and at Barstow.

## Major Allen's Appointment.

COLUMBIA, S.C., December 28.—[Special.]—Major D. C. Allen, for some years past the efficient general passenger agent of the South Carolina railway, has been appointed to the position of general passenger agent for the southern division of the Atlantic and Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroads, with headquarters at Brunswick, Ga. Major Allen's territory will comprise the states, Georgia and Florida.

## The Balmy Winter.

ST. PAUL, Minn., December 28.—A meeting of the winter carnival committee this afternoon it was decided there no ice palace this year. They were forced to this step by the unseasonable weather. The carnival of last year was abandoned for the same reason, and it is said no further attempts will be made here in the future to build palaces of ice.

## May be More Arrests.

CHICAGO, December 28.—John H. Gengenbacher said today that he had secured a great deal of evidence against four or five other men who were suspected of complicity in the Cronin murder, and that he might before long take steps to have them indicted and brought to trial. He declined to mention their names at this stage of the matter.

## Died of Diphtheria.

CHICAGO, December 28.—Dr. Gamble, who dispatches from Leota, S. D., says Dr. Gamble reports him that of the trip to the Heyd settlement, the scene of the diphtheria epidemic. He has the names of fifty-two victims, all of whom have died of the disease, only two having recovered. The number is still sick, as the district is isolated, fears of contagion are not entertained.

## Movement of Specie.

NEW YORK, December 27.—Exports of specie from the United States last week amounted to \$770,000, of which \$60,000 in gold and \$706,661 silver. Of total exports \$704,392 in silver and \$65,608 in gold. Imports of specie for the week amounted to \$170,000, of which \$123,880 was in gold and \$46,608 silver.

## FROM OUR NOTEBOOKS.

## Odds and Ends Picked Up by Constitution Reporters.

*Home From New York.*—Judge Robert L. Rodgers arrived home from New York yesterday, after having satisfactorily settled some business affairs in Foughkeepsie, N. Y., which several African people were interested. He brought back for his clients, the Morris Morris, about \$10,000, as part of the proceeds of a large estate with which they are connected as legatees, in that town.

Judge Rodgers says that on Monday evening, when the afternoon papers of that city appeared, announcing the death of Mr. Henry Grady, it created a sensation as though his death had been an affair of greatest local and personal interest.

*He's Not a Candidate.*—Judge W. T. Newman's name has been used in connection with the vacancy in the board of education. The suggestion was made that as Judge Newman was a bosom friend of Mr. Grady and as the latter had outlined to Judge Newman his views upon the public schools, to elect Mr. Grady as a candidate to the Constitutional Association reporter who gave him about the matter last evening, Judge Newman said that while he appreciated profoundly the kindly feelings that prompted the thought, and especially the suggestion that as a warm personal friend of Mr. Grady his selection would be appropriate, yet he was satisfied that in view of the importance and responsibility of the duties now entrusted to him, it would be unwise for him to assume.

*The Smithells' Depot.*—Bruce & Morgan, the Atlanta architects, have just completed the specifications and plans for the buildings of the southwestern division of the Central at Smithells. The main building is to be a very handsome two-story one, the depot below and the general offices above. The intended removal of the general offices of the road from Macon to Smithells has already been announced in THE CONSTITUTION.

*Dr. Armstrong to Lecture.*—Dr. Armstrong's Sun night's lecture, which was to have been postponed because of the meeting in favor of a house of refuge, will take place as usual in the Masonic hall. The house of refuge advocates decided not to meet for the Committee's Fund.

*The Committee's Fund.*—The monument fund committee especially and the public generally are earnestly requested to do all in their power to pack the house at the lecture to be given by Professor W. LeConte Stevens on Monday night the 30th Inst., at the Gate City Guard armor. The entire receipts have been generously donated to the monument fund.

*CHAS. S. NORTHERN, Chairman, Bowles & Buckner, JOHN MILLER, STONEY & GREGORY, THORNTON & GRABE.*

*Need of Assistance.*—Mrs. Hollingsworth, who lives at No. 22 Elm street, is in need of assistance. Her family is sick with measles, and the lady is unable to provide for their wants. She is a stranger in Atlanta, but the neighbors watch over her worthiness. Those who desire to relieve the wants of a suffering family will have an opportunity in the case of Mrs. Hollingsworth.

*Sensitive Flames and Sound Shadows.*—Professor Le Conte Stevens will deliver his lecture on "Sensitive Flames and Sound Shadows" tomorrow evening at the Gate City Guard armor, and the proceeds will be given to the Grady monument fund.

The lecture is a thoroughly interesting one, and is illustrated with numerous lantern views, and also by beautiful experiments which exemplify the wave theory of sound and light.

*I Should Be Gladly Paid.*—Major Glenn suggests another monument to the memory of Mr. Grady.

"It strikes me as very appropriate," said he, "that the name of Piedmont park be changed to that of Grady park, and that the Piedmont exposition be held at Grady park each year. It was Mr. Grady who inaugurated the exposition, and to him its success is largely due. I think such a change would be an appropriate tribute to his memory."

*A Bold Robbery.*—

One Man Knocks Another Down and Attempts to Kill Rob Bin.

There was a bold attempt at robbery on Georgia avenue, below Frazer street, last night.

A little after midnight, William Sears, a white man, was going along Georgia avenue in the direction of Grant park, when two men jumped on him and asked if he had a watch; at the same time, one of the men struck him on the face and the other grabbed him by the throat.

He had a gold watch in each vest pocket, but he grabbed the last robber by the hand with his teeth and put a chunk out of his hand.

Call Officer Walton went out and investigated the case. He could not find any clue whatever to the perpetrators of the outrage. Mr. Sears lost a gold watch-chain in the struggle with his assailants, and claims that there were two women with the party that assaulted him.

Sears has some ugly bruises on his head, and will probably be laid up for several days.

*MR. WOODWARD'S CONDITION.*

He Is Still Alive, But There Is Small Hope of Recovery.

At 2 o'clock Mr. James F. Woodward was still alive, but the physicians had little hopes of his recovery.

Yesterday afternoon he was attacked with a bullet, showing that the abdominal cavity was filled with blood.

Dr. David Howell, Dr. W. H. Stockton and Dr. Willis Westmoreland, Jr., were in attendance at his bedside all day, and every possible effort was made and is still being made to save the man who is so desperately hurt.

Mr. Woodward has so far held out nobly, and has preserved his faculties through the trying ordeal to which he has been subjected during his illness.

*MUSIC AT THE CHURCHES.*

The special musical programme which was arranged for last Sunday at the First Baptist church will be rendered tomorrow as follows:

1. Organ Prelude, Rheinberger—Mr. O'Donnell.

2. Cornet solo, "Fazareth," Gounod—Mr. Wurm.

3. Violin Solo, "The Shepherd," Schubert.

4. Octetto, "The Holy Child," Shelby; soprano solo with violin obbligato—Mrs. Dow and Mr. Charles Clegg.

5. "Hark! What Meant Those Holy Voices," Quartette, Schnecker.

6. Organ Prelude, "Christmas March," Merkels—Mr. O'Donnell.

*HOUSE OF REFUGE.*

The public meeting that was advertised to take place at the opera house tonight in the interest of this noble scheme has been postponed.

The ministers who kindly consented to take part in this meeting, are hereby notified of the postponement. There will be a meeting of the committees, Tuesday evening, at 4 o'clock, at the Young Men's Library association parlors.

ALBERT HOWELL, Chairman.

*The George Loan Company.*

At a meeting of the directors of the Georgia Loan, Savings and Banking company, of which Mr. Grady was a director, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased God to remove from a people who loved and honored him our beloved friend, Henry Grady, and whereas, we feel that his death is not irreparable loss to this company and a personal bereavement to each of us members, but a calamity to the community which we serve, we therefore resolve that the office of the company be draped in mourning and closed throughout the month of January, and that the company be represented by a copy furnished the family of the deceased in a evidence of a sympathy that can not be expressed.

Resolved, That the organ be removed from the company's office, and that the organ be sold to the highest bidder.

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Resolved,







## The Mill On St. Simons.

"And you know St. Simons?"  
"Yes, and love the quaint old island dearly."

"I am glad to hear you say so, for I do verily believe it is the nearest fairy land of any place on earth."

The speaker was a sweet-faced young lady, by whose side I sat, as the train went bounding along through the woodlands all golden and glorious with the livery of autumn.

"Tell me some stories of St. Simons," I said, not caring half so much for the stories as for the musical notes of her sweet voice that reminded me of the wash of sunlit waves on the shining sands.

"Oh, I'm no story teller, but if I were I could tell you one that would equal any of those that you read in books."

"I am a staid and dignified 'school marm,' you know; but there is a streak of wildness in my nature that is unexposed by the most veritable Gipsy that you ever heard of."

"That little brown school-house that stood on the sand hill, back among the trees, was built for my especial benefit and behoof, and, oh, the happy days that I have spent in and around that unpretentious little temple of learning?"

"As I said just now, I have a taste for the romantic, and I am good at picking up acquaintances, and especially those interesting folks who have nothing of the hidden mystery about them."

"One winter day a stranger came to St. Simons in search of employment. He was a quiet and unassuming man, commonly dressed and with something about him that would attract the casual observer."

"The postman, a night watchman at the time, used to be vacant just then, and the manager employed the newcomer off-hand."

The latter gave his name as John Robinson, and was thus placed upon the payroll as the office.

"My father was bookkeeper, and he seemed to like Mr. Robinson from the start. They were fast friends, and, attentive and a little silent in the time clock showed the hour and half-hour punches every morning, with never a miss of a minute, and this proved that he was always wide awake and on sharp watch no matter whether the stars or the wind storm drove the big billows across the bar in their wildest fury."

"Not long our home was a wretched cottage occupied by Mrs. Mayfield and her daughter, Mona. They were possessed of a sufficient income to keep them from want, but Mona was a high-spirited and industrious girl, so she added to the resources of the household as a teacher, in my absence. I being in the ages, there was little difference in the ages of the two."

"Mona was a lovely girl, and many were the longing glances that followed her as she passed the commissary store, where the men obtained their supplies on the way to and from the field or the landing port."

"Often we were companions in these journeys, and I used to tease her a great deal about her numerous would-be lovers."

"There was one man who was a tall, handsome fellow, an Englishman, as was evidenced by his accent, manner, and dress. He walked so straight and with such a peculiar step that we called him 'the grenadier.'

"One Saturday evening Mona was a little late in returning, and as she passed by the gate I noticed that the carried a huge bouquet of roses, and by her side walked the tall grenadier."

"Peeping through the blinds I caught sight of them, and made up my mind to worry Mona's life out of her Monday. But she looked real happy, and I questioned myself whether to her or not, for you know there is nothing so dear or sacred to a girl as her first lover."

"But on the morrow you may imagine that I was not surprised when the grenadier walked into the little church with her and occupied a place by her side during the services."

"Then there was a romance. Both my heroes were on the masquerade, and my brain was in a whirl. My first thought was to tell Mona, but then, on second thought, I saw how this step might lead to a great deal of trouble. She might be guilty of the same infidelity as the grenadier, and it might be death by hanging if the intelligent world should be told of my tongue until meteors were more fully developed."

"But they were not long in developing. Friday was the day of days when we were to meet our fate, and I was to be the judge of the romance and the mutual recitations and the exhibition of amateur talent in the evening. I had not seen my grenadier or the watchman for several days, but Mr. Leighton had gone to my father and told him all. My father had advised him to go to Mona and make a clean breast of it, and he had done so, and had done. Father helped him out of his temporary embarrassments, and even secured him a small advance to put him in a better light."

"But Mr. Mason had not come near me, and he used to lay her brown head in my lap, and lay up to my face with that same look that comes over a woman's eyes the same as the mystic glamour of the blue haze half veils the April sky."

"But one day there appeared a new actor on the scene. He had become acquainted with our family, and I liked him for his quiet gentle manner and many praises that my father bestowed upon him."

"I was returning from a walk through the village, and suddenly Mr. Robinson walked up beside me."

"'Miss Clare,' he said, 'I want to speak with you, and I am sure you will understand my desire to do so.' And I said, 'I will speak with you, and we will talk about your mother's health, and you will explain myself without detaining you.'

"'Certainly, Mr. Robinson, I shall be glad to do anything for you that I can. You know, I suppose, that my father respects you very highly, and if it is anything he can do will help you to carry out your plan?'

"'Certainly, Mr. Robinson—mean Mr. Mason; come in, and I will tell you what I will do for you.'

"'And you know my secret, then?'

"'Yes, sir; my father told me all, and you my deepest sympathy.'

"'Does she know?' he asked eagerly, with a gesture of his hand in the direction of the Mayfield cottage.

"'No, sir, she does not know.'

"'Will you tell her for me?'

"'Yes, I will tell her, and I know she will sympathize with you in your trouble.'

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"'Yes, I will tell her, and I know she will sympathize with you in your trouble.'

"'Will you tell her today, please, for I am going away?'

"'I will tell you, as you know so much already. Jim Blake, the man who has sworn to take my life, arrived on the island last night. It was late, and he was unacquainted with the place, so he came to the mill and sat down by the boiler. I saw the full light of the lantern fall upon his face. I recognized him, and you may imagine my feelings. My first thought was to make myself known as I was well armed, and have it out with him, and then the thought occurred to me that he would be a villainous thing, I felt compelled to stay outside, and I remained on the floor and went to sleep. All night long I remained there watching my sleeping enemy, and when I left the mill, at six o'clock, I saw him walking up the beach toward the commissary. I don't want to tell you, but I am my own life in danger if he recognizes me. Not once am I coward, but I feel that I must leave the island and seek a hiding place in some other more secluded spot.'

"'And you have come to see father?'

"'I was there that I learned where he was. He had loved him, half-unconscious, all along; but it was only in his dark room that he fully realized how much he loved him.'

"The afternoon dragged slowly. The pupils were loudly applauded by their fond parents, and under other circumstances Mona and I could have danced for joy. But as I was listless and pre-occupied, and I felt a pain dragging at my heart all the afternoon.

"The little brown schoolhouse was gaily decorated with evergreens and flowers, and Chinese lanterns illuminated the building which was filled with happy and expectant faces.

"'Three Days Only to Buy C. R. Crew Street.'

"'Why, Mr. Burton, how you started me.'

"'I didn't mean to, but I'm in so much

'trouble!' he said as he sank on the grass by my side.

"The man was actually sobbing.

"'What can be the matter, Mr. Burton?'

"'Oh, I am in debt! They are dunning me for the money, and I am not able to pay off what I owe.'

"'I felt sorry for the poor fellow, but in spite of his trouble I tried to hide a smile, for the man looked so comical sitting there blubbering over his debts.'

"'How came you to get in debt?' I asked, not knowing what else to say.

"'Why, I spent so much for the flowers that I sent to M-M-Miss Mayfield that I had nothing left to pay my other debts. Oh, what shall I do?'

"The exhibition began, and the couples all put on their parts in the most perfect manner, so that I forgot the little romance, for the moment, in my exultation over our success.

"Just before the close of the entertainment I changed to be looking towards the front door, and I caught sight of a pale face, with two drowsy black eyes, gazing intently at Brunswick. But she did not look happy.

"There was a far-away pathos in her violet eyes that were still dim with the traces of tears.

"The material prosperity of Atlanta has at no period of its history been so great as it is today."

The speaker was Mr. John A. Donavin, manager for R. G. Dun & Co., who is probably in a better position to speak of the financial condition of Atlanta than any other man in the city.

"Yes," he continued, "Atlanta has had no boom but she gets there all the same. The recent publication in THE CONSTITUTION from the tax assessors returns for 1889 caused much surprise. It is sometimes said that much of this yearly increase of values is fictitious and the result of speculative advancement. This is not true. It is caused by improvements. Never before were there so many homes and factories being built in Atlanta. Where does the money come from? A city of 80,000 people are investing MILLIONS OF DOLLARS ANNUALLY IN HOMES."

"Here are some facts which I think you will find of interest. They are facts and figures which show how Atlanta keeps growing. First take

THE GRANDFATHER, and in her hand she carried a bouquet of beautiful flowers that she knew had cost him a round sum at the firm's office in Brunswick. But she did not look happy.

"There was a far-away pathos in her violet eyes that were still dim with the traces of tears.

"The exhibition began, and the couples all put on their parts in the most perfect manner, so that I forgot the little romance, for the moment, in my exultation over our success.

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## HERE ARE THE FACTS

THAT GO TO SHOW ATLANTA'S STEADY PROGRESS.

They Are Facts That Will Be Hand With Interest—The Increase of Business All Around.

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## THE BANKS.

"In 1886 there were in Atlanta seven banks, with capital and surplus of \$1,350,000. In 1887 that was increased to twelve banks, with capital and surplus of \$2,250,000. In 1888 the number of banks was still further increased to fourteen, with capital and surplus of \$2,750,000. During the present year there has been added another bank, making a total of fifteen, and the capital and surplus is now \$3,300,000. Then take

## MERCANTILE AND MANUFACTURING CONCERN.

"In 1886 there were 1,200 mercantile and manufacturing concerns in Atlanta, with an estimated capital invested of \$20,000,000. In 1887 there were 1,263 mercantile and manufacturing concerns with estimated capital aggregating \$22,000,000. In 1888 the number was increased to 1,315, and estimated capital to \$24,000,000. In 1889 there are recorded about 1,430 business and manufacturing concerns, with an estimated capital of \$27,000,000.

## ANOTHER FEATURE.

"And here is another feature of decided interest. What are the annual gross profits to Atlanta merchants from the goods sold and manufactured in this city for this year? At least \$10,000,000, and possibly more. This is where the money comes from to build homes, increase our banking capital, and add to our mercantile capitals. In many lines of manufacturing Atlanta has, during the past five years, increased its output five hundred per cent. Take, for instance, furniture, spring beds, plows and wagons. A few years ago the retail trade of Atlanta bought all of its supplies of these articles from the west—today it ships these goods over a half dozen states."

"Shouldn't there be more manufacturing in Atlanta?"

"It is a grieve now to whar old Marster and Misus am, an' I ain't comin' back any mo'. I'm gwine tell um dat I lef de chillun well an' dat da dekt da promis', an' stayed by ole man tell he die. Mar's Rufe?"

"Here he is, Uncle Dan'l; he's holding your hand."

"I've been a mighty sinner, Mar's Rufe."

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## "LA GRIPPE" COMING SOUTH

ATLANTA WILL HAVE THE DISEASE, SO THE DOCTORS SAY.

The Medical Men State Why the Disease Will Prevail and How It Can Be Recognized.

"La Grippe" is surely coming to Atlanta. There is little hope apparently of escaping the disease which is devastating Europe.

Almost all the doctors of Atlanta believe that the grip, influenza, epidemic, or whatever it may be called, will soon be an epidemic.

There are at present a number of cases in the city, but they are all sporadic and as a pestilence the disease has not yet begun its work.

DR. J. SCOTT TODD.

Soap, unequalled for the Nursery. Proven to be the softest and most absorbent and of the skin and hair. Absolutely pure, gently perfumed, guaranteed of the highest chemists of the State of Georgia, both foreign and in the civilized world.

Skin Diseases, "64 pages, Gouty and Blood Diseases, remarkable Testimonials, and Chemical Corps.

ATORS and Builders,

Fulton County Commissioners.

Haverty December 4, 1889, received by the Commissioners until 10 o'clock a.m. on the second floor of the building for and erecting an addition on the corner of Peachtree and the Peachtree Street, Atlanta. The said addition is to be used for storing and resting on a secure foundation sufficient for the tax and other taxes to be paid to the Commissioners of Roads and Revenue and a court room for the trial of suits and estimates of the remaining 10 per cent until the trial. Plans and specifications have been reserved by the county reserve all bodies.

JOHN T. COOPER,  
Clerk Com. R. and R.

NOTICE.

ENNOY &amp; CO. IS DISMISSED. No longer engaged in business having purchased same from the business, collect debts and assume responsibility.

J. J. NELSON,  
W. A. VERNOT.  
W. L. CALHOUN.

COUNTY.—ORDINARY'S.

7th, 1889—JOURNALIST.—Dr. N. H. Richards, is fully discharged the duties of his office, and the Chattachoochee River and Cobb counties, as a physician, and Dr. W. H. Howell's office, the two spans of 150 feet each and, and to rear on purpose made monthly as the work requires of the engineer in the until the completion of the work.

John T. Cooper, of Roads and Revenue.

N. COUNTY.—ORDINARY'S.

8th, 1889—DR. H. E. Whitehead, representative of the duties of his said trust, is dismissed. The said is to remain in the same before the first Monday in January, and to remain in the same.

JOHN T. COOPER,  
Clerk Com. R. and R.

DR. OLMSTEAD.

"The grip is not a new disease, by any means," said Dr. J. C. Olmstead. "It has been in this country before under the name of influenza, and it is probably due to the atmospheric conditions which at this time are exactly suitable for its development. Warmth, moisture, and the electrical state of the atmosphere are the principal forces in nature which produce the grip, or 'grip.' Just how far each of these factors bear on its spread cannot be definitely determined."

"It has been thought that a mild winter would assist the epidemic by preventing the vegetable matter from destruction, and at the same time favoring decomposition and the development of the organic germs which by some are taken to be the cause of the disease. Under the microscope germs known as bacilli have been discovered.

"The trustees of West End academy will meet in a few days to select two teachers for the academy, from the many applicants who understand an examination today."

"Vegetables are rapidly ripening up in West End, corn and beans never known to vegetate before March, are up and growing vigorously."

Judge S. B. Hoyt and family have moved into their new residence on West End avenue.

Dr. J. W. Lee, the new pastor of Park Street Methodist Church, is winning golden opinions from the members and congregation of that church.

Gas or electricity is the question that agitates West End, at this time.

Mr. George F. Holles has been putting some finishing touches to his pretty residence on Ashby street.

Mr. George H. Gaughan has moved into his new residence on Oak street.

The mayor-elect, Captain John W. Neils, and the new councilman, Mr. W. H. Jackson, at the council first Monday night in January.

story and would not ask for better. Our telephone is used 20 to 30 times a day.

Hannibal &amp; Belligraph.—We consider that the telephone service has been for the last two months better than the time preceding. We receive and call 150 to 200 times a day.

Blissfield &amp; Blackert.—We consider the telephone service very much improved. Ours is used 60 to 75 times a day.

John Silvey &amp; Co.—We think the telephone system is much improved over the months than formerly. Our is used 120 to 125 times a day.

H. R. Durand—Telephone service has always been satisfactory to me. My phone is used 300 to 350 times a day.

Rhodes, Haverty &amp; Co.—Our telephone service is satisfactory. Have very little trouble with the instrument and property and observes the promptness of service.

M. Rice &amp; Bros.—The telephone service has been only complaint, but suppose that is from electric lighting and car lines. Our phone is used 75 to 100 times a day.

Benjamin &amp; Cranham—With the exception of night service we cannot conscientiously make any statement as to the quality of our service.

"The service is much improved in the past three weeks.

Mickelberry &amp; McClelland—Service much better.

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## IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

**THE DOINGS OF ATLANTA PEOPLE AND THEIR PLANS.**

Mr. McAllen Marsh's Entertaining at Sweetwater Park—The Events of the Week to Come—Some Points About People.

The past week there is little to tell concerning social affairs. The lightest young heart in the city has had room for nothing but heaviness for the greatest sorrow our southern land has ever known, and the first rallying of society for the carrying on of holiday amusements has had an undertone of sadness felt underneath the light music which must be part of bright, beautiful youth.

The party which spent the holidays at Salt Spring, as the guests of Mr. McAllen Marsh, were fortunate in gaining a refuge from the sadness of Atlanta's Christmas tide. The fortunate guests were most royally entertained by their host, and every pleasure which young folks delight in was theirs to command. They rode in carriages, and in the evening there was dancing until the "two or three hours." There was a great deal of fun Christmas eve, when the stockings were all hung up, the girls filling those of the young men with all sorts of absurd things, which were the source of great surprise and fun upon the morning of the day.

The Christmas dinner was an elegant affair, a menu containing every kind of delicacy or dainty of delicacy. The table was unusually decorated, and the large hallways and drawing rooms were decked with mistletoe and holly. Mrs. Dickeson lent Mr. Marsh her splendid cook, and there was a return of accomplished service to the master's bidding. Nothing like it has been known to the young folks of the south since the old southern days, and the echo of all sounds like those told of Christmas holidays in Tom Page's charming tale.

The people who spent the season at the Sweetwater Park received Friday night's reception with the two chaperones, Miss Dickeson and Mrs. Grant; the Misses Clarke, Misses Julia Lowry, Clarke, Gran, Hartwood, Mars, and Potts, of Richmond; Misses McAllen Marsh, Morris Brandon, Follen Colville, Tom Paine, Joe Eddison, Harvey Johnson and John Grant.

This week will be a very gay one, as there is something to interest all who have been here. Miss Palmer's reception on Monday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Jessie Boynton of Charleston, will make known to Atlanta another charming visitor and will be a most delightful affair.

The Capital City club reception, which was to have been given on Tuesday evening, has been postponed because of the illness of Major Mims, president of the club, who, to the regret of many friends, quite indisposed since his return from the north, late Wednesday, but he is better now, and will probably be well by tomorrow.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Harwood's reception to Miss Branch is one which all who have been here are looking forward to with bright anticipations. Miss Branch as honored guest on Penobscot Friday evening completes the list of the week's most attractive amusements, then there will be several small lunches and dinners, the former without men and very agreeable affairs notwithstanding.

A small gathering together of clever and pretty women is a pleasure not to be despised by the most spoiled ladies in christendom. The hostess who gives the large female afternoon reception goes to a lot of trouble with little pleasure to herself and little gratitude from her guests, who generally have a stupid time and depart vowing never to attend another. It may not sound pleasant to say so much about such affairs, but when one sees mixtures from which no distinct impression is taken away—simply the memory of a hem of voices, the odor and beauty of flowers, the recollection of many lights and decorations, the taste of salads and punch and a few scattered words here and there in the sea of sound and faces.

On the other hand, a woman's lunch, or dinner, at a table seating some twelve or sixteen guests, gives one source for pleasant afterthought. There are so many subjects discussed, and turned over, and so much good done about one's sister, as to form all sorts of ideas concerning their lives, ambitions, loves, hates—every feeling, in fact, that makes up the sum of human nature. One gets to know people only at a small entertainment—at the big affairs you see their faces and the kind of clothes they wear; but when there is dancing there is trouble and the time is pleasurable. Nothing yet has been found to mix up and break up the right fits like the innocent amusement which has and will ever flourish.

For next week the Speer-Silvey wedding is the great affair of interest, and this will probably be the most brilliant wedding in the city. Please do say that at that propitious season severa young people contemplate committing matrimony, with the assistance of numerous bridesmaids, groomsmen, ushers, and so forth.

The month of January gives many pleasures in the way of social entertainments, and these will be the usual array of fair women in boxes and a number of elegant theater parties given to some of Atlanta's loveliest visitors.

Of all the young ladies visiting Atlanta this winter none have attracted more attention than Mrs. Lowe's fair guests, Miss Charlotte Elliott, of Boston, a young girl of twenty. A gentleman, speaking of the former, the other day, said, "She is my ideal of exquisite, refined young girlhood—such a being as one reads of and seldom meets. She is clever, and lovely without consciousness and graceful and sincere without affection."

Miss Gill is strikingly pretty in a complete white dress, with a wide lace collar, and the other afternoon, as she walks up Peachtree street in a chintz and velvet gown, fitting perfectly to her graceful figure, and a broad-brimmed, many-ostrich-tipped bonnet hats on her pretty head, she was a most dainty and picturesque vision.

The ladies of the Y. M. C. A., propose to have a grand reception for the young men of Atlanta on New Year's eve, and they are now doing all in their power to make the entertainment and contributions for this purpose from those who are interested in the Y. M. C. A. and the noble work which it is doing for the young men of the land. Last week they sent out two hundred cards soliciting contributions but have not yet received many.

The fact that little interest was taken last week in either pleasure or charity can account for this delay, but now the ladies cannot fail to give some substantial evidence thereof. If the people will recall the newsboys' dinner and the Young Men's Christian Association's entertainment of last year they will be sure to make a good contribution to assist in the fulfillment and carrying on of his noble work already founded.

The people of Atlanta will contribute liberally, as they always do to good works, to this New Year's entertainment, and the ladies request that these contributions may be sent the day before New Year's.

The entertainment is especially for the young men and not for the boys of the city. The latter will give a reception later on in the season, probably on New Year's eve, in the afternoon until twelve in the evening, so that the young men who have to work until ten or eleven can at least have an hour or so of New Year's pleasure after their duties are done.

Those who had the pleasure of seeing Miss Katherine Hager's beautiful paintings, which were exhibited in the Commercial Bazaar, enjoyed the pictures greatly. She is a young artist and her work in this line cannot be excelled. Her quick catching of color and light effects, her sympathetic and charming portrayal of scene or object, make her a most wonderful artist. She has spent several years in Europe studying art in that delightful, ideal, easy way which every body with an artistic nature accepts some day to enjoy the land of his dreams. From these foreign

shores she has brought back numbers of sketches of fair scenes and oriental people.

She tells some amusing stories of the times she had in making these sketches and how hard it often was for her to get her subjects to sit still so long. She was for some time in Africa and from there she has many careful sketches of graceful oriental figures, in which one seems to feel the lazy, alluring atmosphere about them and their indolent personalities. The men and women are human creatures, with the addition of that ideally with which every true artist imbues the work. The dresses of her figures, their lines, their faces, their positions and life-like movement, all have a color and something singly enchanting. In her Yunnan series she has given to the writer a more perfect idea of that artist's paradise than any other brush has ever rendered.

She loves for her theme the deep-seated morn with the sunlight shining through the misty atmosphere down into the wonderful waters, from which the lofty towers arise against the turquoise sky.

"Are the Italian sunsets really more beautiful than those in our southern land?" I asked.

"The southern sun is the same everywhere," she replied, "but it's the color one gets from the reflected water which makes these wonderful effects of light and shade." This wood has the polish and tint of ivory, and out of it the most elegant curved furniture is made. A screen of oak had a rich, dark finish, and was covered with a combination of pomegranates and vine leaves.

We have the frames but no pictures for them here."

Miss Hager also excels in decorative work, and the designs of her curtains and drapes are by her own genius of art. A decorative design of rose-gilded cupid against a background of white clouds and blue sky was framed in buckeye, carved exclusively by herself. This wood has the polish and tint of ivory, and out of it the most elegant curved furniture is made. A screen of oak had a rich, dark finish, and was covered with a combination of pomegranates and vine leaves.

No formal preparation have been made for New Year's calling, and there will probably be nothing of the sort, as the cus on seems to have died out. A few ladies will probably go at home New Year's evening to offer their friends good cheer and good wishes, but no one has made a general arrangement to that effect. Perhaps it is just as well that New Year's calling is not popular. It really meant nothing more to a lot of dissipated society men than a free annual spruce and certainly no man was better physically or morally for the drinking of a quart or more of wine as a social pastime.

"After the voice and body are thus tuned the entire attention is given to the thought and feeling of the matter to be presented, just as we forget the instrument in the music."

The system is divided into four stages, through which we grow viz., the initial, undramatic, reflective and negative. This order is deduced from the history of all art throughout the ages, based on the fact that "every individual repeats in himself the history of the race."

"The first expression of art forms we find in the instrument of all arts. These were all colossal manifestations of energy and strength, the pyramids and the statue of Minerva being the highest in religion, the God of Thunder, every thing tending to immensity."

"The next stage of art we find in Assyria, the melodramatic stage—here the entire idea is to attract attention, melodramatic effects, monstrances or art, with a man's body with the head of a beast, or with four arms or dozen strengths."

"One would think Miss Hager had utilized her art sufficiently for a life time, but like all true artists, she never considers herself finished, but gives herself a vacation of sketching and painting, but to renew her studies every few months. After her visit to her friend, Miss Green, on Currier street, she is about to start for New York, where she will study all the finer masters under the finest masters in the city and this is the interest of Atlanta which has won her acknowledgment from the finest art critics in the land; and will probably be well by tomorrow.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Harwood's reception to Miss Branch is one which all who have been here are looking forward to with bright anticipations. Miss Branch as honored guest on Penobscot Friday evening completes the list of the week's most attractive amusements, then there will be several small lunches and dinners, the former without men and very agreeable affairs notwithstanding.

People are all wondering if Miss Carrie Clegg has forever deserted creative art. We have, during her long stay in New York, rarely missed her lovely presence and diverting original humor, which made her one of the most popular beauties at ball or reception. Certainly the pleasures of a New York winter are sufficient to make one desirous, but the society people here hope this great favorite will soon return of it all and return.

Miss Bessie Campbell, Miss Marsh's charming daughter, will add a great deal of pleasure and interest to social life during the New Year's gaieties. She is possessed of beauty and a great charm of manner, which will win her friends for her own sake, and added to this is the interest all Atlantians feel in the daughter of Ohio's democratic governor.

L. W. Grant and his wife, of Jacksonville, Fla., have been visiting for several days their relatives, H. M. Scott, of Decatur, and Rev. W. J. Scott, of Atlanta. Mr. Grant was a confederate of conspicuous gallantry, and is serving his second term in the senate of Alabama. Mr. Draper, of Draper-Moore & Co., was one of his war comrades.

Mr. Will Hemphill's sick room the other day brought one into a very bower of springtime beauty and fragrance. From one of his windows could be seen the trees in bloom, and Mr. A. B. Stetson's garden, and these pink petals were filled a vase on the mantel, where were other vases of narcissus and violets.

Upon the ninth of January Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Lowe and family and their two guests Miss Elizabeth and Miss Goldie have come from Cincinnati to see Fatti. This will be the guest of Mr. D. Williamson in his private car, and there are certain to be invited, such hospitality and such a charming trip.

A young lady recently returned from a very gay season in New York, and an extremely low gown is no longer an fault for all the most extreme evening toilet now worn by fashions devotee cut only in a small V back and front and has puffed sleeves reaching half way to the elbow.

Miss Susie Bigby has arrived from Nashville, and is spending the holidays at her handsome home on Washington street. She is one of the prettiest and most popular young girls here, and receives a great deal of attention during the holidays, when the colored lights thrown upon the whole will add to the dazzling effect.

There are many other scenes and features which have not yet been fully arranged, but from the present account the entertainment will be peculiarly new and wonderful. Mrs. Dickeson saw an artist of the first rank in the Grand opera house in Vienna, and the artist was the most beautiful spectacle she ever witnessed. All the young people in society are deeply interested in it, and they are delighted to take part in the affair.

One of the most delightful events of the season was a six o'clock dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. George Segei to a number of their friends. Friday evening was the most lovely in evening.

The dinner was given in a room which was a picture of beauty. A quaint little bustrel will in costume of gorgeous hues and her dark hair caught with many little pins, represent the coquetry of Japan; and several petite blonde beauties will represent the dolls while Parisian children find in their stockings Christmas morning, while the others will be costumed as babies in long clothes will be simply enchanting. The shop is to have several customers, chief among them Maggie and Mrs. Langston Mims, who will be in the act of examining the toys when the curtain rises. The toy seller will be Captain Robert Lowry and there will be an assistant to move the dolls and the dolls will be dressed in the costumes of all sorts of dolls in the costumes of different countries—Japanese dolls, French dolls, Persian dolls, and every sort familiar to the children of every land. Each young lady will choose a doll and will add a great deal of pleasure and interest to social life during the New Year's gaieties. She is possessed of beauty and a great charm of manner, which will win her friends for her own sake, and added to this is the interest all Atlantians feel in the daughter of Ohio's democratic governor.

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The many friends of Mr. Will Hemphill are delighted to know that he is recovering from his recent severe illness, and will be able to take part in the New Year's entertainments, which are to be a grand success.

Master Malcolm Phelan and Miss Palma Phelan have issued invitations to their little friends for a New Year's party to be given at the home of their father, Mr. Sid Phelan, on Peachtree.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Jepson, of this city, left on last Wednesday for Washington, D. C., where they will spend a few days, returning home about New Years.

Tickets of invitation are being issued to the grand dress ball of the Atlanta Turn Verein at their hall on New Year's eve. The hall is being handsomely decorated, and the affair promises to be a grand success.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. McKeldin has been suddenly summoned to Tennessee on account of the illness of his mother.

Mr. Will Montgomery has returned from spending his holiday at his home in LaGrange.

Mrs. Livingston Mims and Mrs. Joseph Thompson, have returned from New York.

Mr. Tom Erwin has returned from West Point where he spent Christmas.

CANTERVILLE, Ga., December 28.—[Special.]—Mrs. Faunie B. Jones will receive New Year's eve at her home in this quiet little town. Mrs. Faunie B. Jones, one of the best known and most popular ladies in the community, is a widow, and her home is known to all as a place of great refinement and taste.

The ceremony took place at 6:30 in the evening, after which the gues were ushered into a sumptuous repeat, which was served with that elegance that has ever characterized the home of Mr. Faunie B. Jones.

The happy couple were the recipients of many handsome presents, expressive of the love and admiration of the donors.

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"The southern sun is the same everywhere," she replied, "but it's the color one gets from the reflected water which makes these wonderful effects of light and shade."

This wood has the polish and tint of ivory, and out of it the most elegant curved furniture is made. A screen of oak had a rich, dark finish, and was covered with a combination of pomegranates and vine leaves.

She loves for her theme the deep-seated morn with the sunlight shining through the misty atmosphere down into the wonderful waters, from which the lofty towers arise against the turquoise sky.

"Are the Italian sunsets really more beautiful than those in our southern land?" I asked.

"The southern



A GREEK LETTER CLUB.  
A PAN-HELLENIC ASSOCIATION OF  
ALL THE FRATERNITIES

In Atlanta—The Proposition Received with  
Favor on All Hands—The Club in Bir-  
mingham, Ala.

Colonel L. J. DuPre, editor of the Birmingham News, was a prime mover and charter member of the first Greek Letter fraternity chapter in the south.

That was in 1846 at the university of Alabama, and the old gentleman—he insists that he is older than he looks—still wears his D. K. E. badge as a treasure beyond price.

Since then he has been prominent in frater-  
nity conventions and alumni gatherings—Greek letter affairs in general—and is still an enthusiast. He tells some very interesting stories, too, about the pioneer fraternities.

He was talking a few days ago about the Pan-Hellenic club in Birmingham.

"Well, sir," he said, "I had no idea there were so many fraternity men in Birmingham. We have one hundred and twenty-three mem-  
bers in our club, and every one of them is an active member. More than that, the membership keeps increasing. Before we stop we shall have every Greek letter man in Bir-  
mingham."

The colonel grew reminiscent then.

"The club," said he, "was formed under rather peculiar circumstances. One day I published a little card, calling on the fraternity men of the city to meet at the Caldwell house. It was intended to be merely a social gathering, and the idea of any sort of an organization had never occurred to me. About forty-five gentlemen met in response to the call, and I never spent a pleasanter evening in all my life. The idea of a small organiza-  
tion was suggested, and it took like wild fire. They were enthusiastic about it. The club was started then and there, and is now one of the best clubs in the city. We meet twice a month. At every meeting a member is selected to speak upon a subject of his own choosing. Beyond that the programme is informal. We discuss the views of the speaker, talk politics, religion, poetry and what not."

"We have quite a number of fraternities represented, and three of our members are graduates of European colleges. Stories are told, experiences exchanged, and we have a delightful time of it."

"You see, the Greek letter men have a great deal in common. Some of the very best material in our colleges goes through the fraternities. The differences that exist between the fraternities are all forgotten afterward, and the broader brotherhood comes natural. You gather together in this way a lot of educated men, representing all vocations and professions in life, and the free interchange of ideas is bound to be beneficial. No, there couldn't be formed a club where ties would be stronger than that of common experience and association in the college fraternities."

All this naturally suggested that if Birmingham could afford such a club, that Atlanta could afford a much better one—that if the plan worked well in Birmingham, and in a great many cities north, that it would necessarily work even better in Atlanta.

The colonel thought it over.

"Yes," he said, giving the matter a second thought, "I am sure that it would work splendidly. I am certain that if the matter was proposed it would meet with universal favor. I should like very much to see the club formed here."

THEY ALL FAVOR IT.

Amongst the local Greek letter men the proposition met with uniform support.

Mr. Ben Hill, a Chi Phi, said: "I think it is a good idea. I would help all I could in a movement of the sort."

Judge W. R. Hammond, a Chi Phi, was pleased with the plan. Promised a hearty support.

Mr. T. W. White, Mr. Andy Calhoun, Mr. Arnold Broyles and Mr. Nash Broyles, Mr. Jack Stayton, and a score of other Chi Phi's were without exception in favor of the club.

The S. A. E. were equally enthusiastic about it. Mr. Tom Cobb Jackson, a member of that fraternity:

"In reply to your request that I should submit a report on the Greek letter men in the Pan-Hellenic society in this city, I beg to say that I am heartily in favor of such a movement. As a member of a Greek society, the S. A. E., I appreciate the value of the Pan-Hellenic movement, and its cordial support in founding such a club in Atlanta. In fact, I am certain that all of the university men of this city desire a university club, as the one in New York City. It will promote the welfare of every college in this state, because of the live and growing character of the students."

Mr. C. C. McGhee, Mr. Bob Maddox, Mr. Harry Snook, Mr. Pi Bell—all the S. A. E. that could be seen within an hour yesterday afternoon, were in favor of the plan.

The K. A. S. were just as enthusiastic, and joined in the favor of the club.

"It's the very thing," said Mr. Ernest Kontz.

Mr. Vic Smith, Mr. Clark Howell and a half dozen other K. A.'s, echoed the call for the club.

Mr. Burton Smith, another K. A., took to the idea heartily and makes some valuable suggestions.

It's a club that Atlanta has a peculiar need and use for," said he. "This is a new town, thoroughly cosmopolitan, and with citizens from every part of the earth, and the Greek letter fellowship is all that a great many of them have in common in the past. It would make them acquainted, and be a power for good."

Mr. W. S. Upshaw is a D. T. D., and may be heard voicing the sentiment of his clubmates here. He faces plumb heartily. "Some of the fraternities," said he, "are represented by only three or four men in the city. Even the strongest clubs can do little in the way of an exclusive alumni association. This takes in all Greek letter men, and I am sure that the club would be a success."

Mr. Jack Stewart, as an A. T. O., is heartily in favor of the club.

The P. D. T. are unanimous for it, so many as could be found yesterday.

Mr. Dave Smith is enthusiastic over it.

Mr. Edward, Mr. Morris Brandon, Mr. Will Shattock, Mr. E. H. Allens, their ex-  
press themselves in favor of it.

Representatives of the D. K. E., P. G. D., S. N., and Chi Phi, want the club. They are unanimous for it.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY!

This now famous attraction is gravitating southward as though after play. It was presented in New Orleans two weeks ago, and anxious to see it, two performances every day for the week were given, each time playing to standing room. It was a real furore, that no other play ever created to such a degree. The company will probably play in Atlanta to the full capacity of the house at each performance.

PERSONAL.

M. M. MAUCK, wall paper and paints, paper hanger, house and sign painter, 27 E. Hunter.

DECORATORS IN FRESO—Pause, Shoeter & Co., 615 Broad street. Bellefontaine, come pieces, groups, etc. Paper matches and cast plaster. Peter Pauch, 100 Broad street, sun fit.

C. J. DANIEL, furniture, wall paper, window shades, 42 Marietta street. Telephone 77.

W. S. ARMSTRONG has removed his office to No. 130 Washington street.

SEND your collars and cuffs to Troy Steam Laundry. Best work in the south. Telephone 14 Wagon will call for and deliver packages.

A WORD TO THE BAPTISTS.

The American Baptist Publication Society and Its True Status.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Inasmuch as THE CONSTITUTION has published a card on one side of this controversy, it seems to be fair and right that it should also give its readers an opportunity to hear something on the other side. The society does not know what "Dr. W. V. Valentine," nor how he the opportunity to speak for the sake of his organization to represent the sentiments of the American Baptist Publication Society. I, therefore, ask you to publish the following editorial from the last issue of the Baptist Courier, the sprightly and able organ of the Baptists of South Carolina. The Courier is owned and edited by Colonel James A. Hoyt, who is one of the most active, intelligent and influential leaders in the south, and has been the president of the South Carolina Baptist State convention for years.

Harvey Hatchett.

The Courier says:

The controversy in regard to Sunday school publications has assumed a new shape. The American Baptist Publication society is being vigorously attacked by the Southern Baptists, and the southern states, and the mode of warfare adopted is to the most contemptible methods of the honest southern people. The southern Baptists accuse the American Baptist Publication Society of being unscrupulous in its conduct. These negroes write articles for the Baptist Teacher upon themes wholly unconnected with the subject. These articles were followed by "Editorials" from the "Patriot," "W. S. Love," Louisville, Ky.; "Divine Man," W. S. Smith, Louisville, Ky.; "Obeying the Ordinances," W. S. Smith, Louisville, Ky.; "The Baptists," which can only be applied to the negroes, nor is it within the range of probability that a single sentence would meet with condemnation by the most uncompromising of the Baptists. But what is the result? The Baptist Teacher, which circulates so largely in the southern states, are beyond question and very rightly in bad odor among the Baptists of the south. They are despised and hated by white people. They took a prominent share in the wholesale vituperation at Indianapolis this fall, and we are free to say that the employment of these negroes in the publication of the Baptist Teacher, and the name of the author, will be an insult and injury for which there is no reparation. But what are the facts? Every man familiar with the history of the American Baptist Publication Society knows that these negroes were employed quickly after offense to the friends of the Baptists, and often before the friends of the Baptists had time to realize the extent of the damage done. The negroes were chosen for special work, not as regular contributors to the teacher, but each one was given the privilege of presenting his own views. One of the negroes from the south; four or five were members of other denominations, and the three negroes. The list was duly announced, and it became a point of interest to all resulting from the inflammatory speeches at Indianapolis. The negroes were then employed at the expense of the Baptists, and the Baptists did not know to avail themselves of the opportunity to avail themselves of the prompt reversal of the society's action? Their remonstrances were promptly forwarded to the pastor, and it was instantly conceded that a mistake had been made, and that the negroes should be dismissed. The pastor, however, did not know to whom the prompt reversal of the society's action? Their remonstrances were promptly forwarded to the pastor, and it was instantly conceded that a mistake had been made, and that the negroes should be dismissed. The pastor, however, did not know to whom the prompt reversal of the society's action?

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